

The Cheerful Letter

Every place a church; every day the Lord's day; all events blessings; all joy
thanksgiving; and all nature and life full of God.—James Freeman Clarke.

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MOTHER

There is no love like a mother's,
'T is the sun that shineth forth;
There is no truth like a mother's,
'T is the star that points the north;
There is no hope like a mother's,
'T is the April in the clod;
There is no trust like a mother's,
'T is the charity of God;
The love and truth, the hope and trust,
That make the mortal more than dust.

—John Jarvis Holden.

MY GRACE IS SUFFICIENT FOR THEE

"And he said, My grace is sufficient for thee."

The cry of the soul for strength is one which goes up sometimes from the heart of every one of us.

We feel the uncertainties of human experience, and we pray that our strength may be sufficient for our need. No man knows what his need is going to be, or when it shall be great. If we look forward and measure our conscious strength today against trials which we see to be quite possible tomorrow, we feel that we cannot be calm and firm in passing through them. But, if we are at all in the way of receiving strength from God, if we have not quite turned our backs upon Him, if prayer has not quite passed out of our experience, then there is an element of strength in the case which we cannot measure. It is God's strength today, it may be ours tomorrow.

There are many elements of strength which we shall find necessary: strength to do and strength to bear; strength to speak and strength to be silent; strength to act promptly and strength to wait patiently; strength of body and strength of spirit. And God's ways of giving strength are as various as the forms of our need.

There is strength for us in Truth. Wise thought is sustaining, noble thought is inspiring, thought clear and strong gives courage. Mere brooding, a weak yielding to moods, needless dwelling on dark things,—in these there is no strength. But a brave facing of the facts, an honest looking things in the face, a careful taking account of stock after loss, a falling back upon the things that abide, the unchangeable amid change,—these give strength, these often disclose to us resources of which we had not thought, grounds of encouragement which we had lost sight of.

The truth about human relations, the truth about God and our relations to Him, the truth about sin and forgiveness,—to think on these things and fill our minds with them, is a source of strength, because in this way we come to be more able to understand the divine order, or, if we cannot do that, to see more clearly why we cannot, not because it is not a perfect order, but because our minds are not large enough to take it in. Just as food has a natural power to strengthen the body, so truth has a natural tendency to strengthen the mind that lays hold on it.

There is strength also in Love, for it takes us out of ourselves. Love is the highest source of strength, when we make God himself the object of our love, and love him with a love so trustful and so complete that we are willing to suffer when the call to suffering comes to us in the order of his providence, willing because we love him. There is no strength like this, because it lifts us right up above the reach of all those things which would otherwise be sources of weakness to us.

Above all, there is strength in Faith. Faith is that power which makes the things which we cannot see real to us. God in his wisdom has hidden himself from our sight. He even hides from us, intellectually, the

meaning of much which he does or which he permits. But from our faith he never hides himself. To the soul that trusts him he is always ready to manifest himself, not always, indeed, to show us what we wish to know, not always to satisfy even our spiritual cravings, but always to give us the strength that comes from spiritual contact with him, from feeling his presence, from the touch of his spirit on our spirits, making us calm, making us patient, stirring us to loving activities, which take us out of ourselves, and give our wounded spirits time to heal; for no one can be long with God without being roused from whatever depths of personal sorrow to impulses of love and service.

In the divine order there is strength for every need; it exists, it is adequate; it is needed. I am sure that, if we have that faith and patience which befit us, as finite beings whose lives are ordered by an infinite will, it will not be long before we shall be able to perceive how the divine order is fulfilling itself in the things which seem at the time to be most violently thwarting it or most radically interfering with it. And I am convinced that, if we will let him, God will bring us into such sympathy with himself that we shall feel an assured confidence in the faithfulness of his love and the wisdom of his dealings with us, even when we cannot understand them.

I do not say that he will enable us to see the meaning of all that he does, or to recognize intellectually the fitness of all we suffer. I do not think he could do that any more than he could put a gallon into a pint measure, because it cannot be done. The conditions of the case forbid it.

But we can feel a truth where we cannot see it. And he will enable us to come into sympathy with him, spiritually when we cannot intellectually.

—E. C. Guild.

SPRING IN YOUR GARDEN

In "Four Seasons in the Garden," E. E. Rexford tells us, "The amateur gardener is often at a loss as to what flowers to select for the home garden. Most folks like the kinds which give the greatest amount of bloom throughout the season and which require the least possible amount of care. Years of trial have proven the superior merits of the so-called old fashioned flowers, and for the amateur planning a spring garden there is no better choice."

The old fashioned flowers will never disappoint, they do not ask for constant care; they give abundant returns for all the attention expended upon them and anyone can grow them. Nasturtium, Aster, Phlox, Verbena, Sweet Pea, Morning Glory, Pansy, Petunia and Marigold, will give you a garden of glowing beauty, and they are the very best for the amateur to cultivate. The first thing to be done in garden work is, of course, the spading. This can usually be done early in May. Let the upturned soil lie for a few days exposed to the sun, and hope for a shower. The soil should be worked over carefully, for your delicate seeds will find difficulty in coming through coarse hard soil, and remember to fertilize well. Seed-sowing is a delicate task and must be done carefully or there will be sorry failures. The seed of many plants is so fine that it will fail to germinate if covered deeply. A good plan is to scatter your flower seed on the soil, and then go over it with a smooth board and press the soil down firmly.

Weeding should begin as soon as there are weeds to pull. Do not let them get ahead of you, if you do you will find they will soon take possession of your garden. Those growing closely to your flowers will have to be pulled up very carefully, by hand, but if between rows or beds they may be carefully kept down with a hoe, which, by the way, should be used daily. The best place for your flower garden is at the side of the house, if possible, and well back toward the rear, thus carrying out the suggestion of seclusion as far as possible. In putting our flower beds at the front of the house we convey the idea that they were put there for the pleasure of the casual passer-by. One's garden should be such a personal thing, and treasured and cared for always. We are told that flowers bloom best in the gardens of those who love them.

For your shrubbery there is nothing lovelier than Roses, Lilacs, Spiraeas and Hydrangeas. The hardiest of these is the Lilac. If you have only a small garden plot, however, confine your bed to Roses; these should be planted in beds or rows by themselves, always exclusive, they seem to grow better when apart from other flowers.

—William Penn Points.

Books are life-long friends whom we come to love and know as we do our children.

WITH OUR HOME-KEEPERS

Favorite Recipes

Cheese Souffle

Four eggs, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups milk, 1 cup fine dry bread crumbs, 1 tablespoon butter, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. American cheese, $\frac{3}{4}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon paprika, 3 drops tabasco sauce.

Heat the milk, bread crumbs and butter in a double boiler. Shave the cheese into thin slices; add to the hot mixture and stir until the cheese has melted. Add this mixture to the well-beaten egg yolks. Season to taste with paprika and tabasco. Fold into the stiffly beaten egg whites containing the salt; pour into a buttered dish and bake in a very moderate oven (300 degrees Fahrenheit) for one hour, or until set in the center. Serve immediately.

Apple Sauce Cake

One-third cup fat, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 egg, 1 cup unsweetened apple sauce, 1 teaspoon soda, 2 cups flour, 1 teaspoon each cinnamon and cloves, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon each nutmeg and salt, 1 cup raisins. Cream fat and sugar. Add remainder of ingredients with soda dissolved in sauce. Beat for 2 minutes. Bake in slow oven 300 F. for about 40 minutes.

Club Sandwiches

Place crisp lettuce on slices of toast, add a slice of tomato, cover with thin slices of cold chicken. Over this place slices of crisp fried bacon. Add 1 teaspoon mayonnaise to each sandwich and top with slice of toast.

Scalloped Ham and Corn

One and one-half cups chopped ham, 3 cups diced potatoes, 1 can corn, 1 onion, 3 tablespoons flour, salt, pepper, milk.

Cover bottom of casserole with potatoes, then a layer of chopped ham, then corn. Season with salt, pepper and a slice or two of onion. Dot with butter and sprinkle with flour. Repeat layers until all ingredients are used and then pour in milk until you can see it through potatoes. Cover with cracker crumbs dotted with butter and bake about one hour in hot oven.

HANDY HINTS

When peeling onions begin at the root end and peel upward, and the eyes will be affected very little, if at all.

Fish requires quick cooking at a high temperature to seal the juices. Fish cooked long is tasteless.

To remove chocolate stains apply a paste of borax and cold water. Let this remain on for a short time, rinse off and apply boiling water.

Coral beads may be cleansed by dissolving a teaspoonful of borax in a pint of warm water. Dip the coral and when clean put through tepid water.

To keep sponges in good condition you should occasionally wash them in warm water with a little tartaric acid or soda, afterward rinsing in clear, warm water.

Brass trays should be washed with warm water and good yellow soap. Rinse in clear water and polish with a chamois leather. A little lemon juice will remove stains.

THE PATH IN THE SKY

The woods were dark, and the night was black,
And only an owl could see the track;
Yet the cheery driver made his way
Through the great pine woods as if it were day.

I asked him, "How do you manage to see?
The road and the forest are one to me."
"To me as well," he replied, "and I
Can only drive by the path in the sky."

I looked above, where the treetops tall
Rose from the road an ebon wall;
And lo! a beautiful starry lane
Wound as the road wound and made it plain.

And since, when the path of my life is drear
And all is blackness and doubt and fear,
When the horrors of midnight are here below
And I see not a step of the way to go,
Then, ah! then I can look on high,
And walk on earth by the path in the sky.
—Amos R. Wells.

"What is your chief worry?" "Money."
"I didn't know you had any." "I haven't."

"I'm going to give you a piece of my mind." "Just a small helping, please."
—Missouri Outlaw.

THE CHEERFUL LETTER

THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB

Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. J. A. McCaddin, 21 Ashfield St. Roslindale, Mass.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card asking "Shall I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it, else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. McCaddin, saying that you have sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send those to the Book Club to be printed here.

SPECIAL NOTICES

It will greatly aid those who are sending books, magazines, cards, and so forth, if all our correspondents who send requests for their children will take pains to mention their names and ages. Lacking such information, one is likely to make mistakes; for a boy of twelve and a girl of seven are not usually interested in the same things.

When writing to the Exchange for the first time, correspondents should always give as reference, the name and address of their clergyman.

When correspondents move to a new address, notice should be sent either to our headquarters, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass., or to those persons who have been sending books and magazines.

It is necessary to state positively that the Cheerful Letter Exchange is not a "clothing bureau" and not a "charitable" society in the usual sense of the word. We do not undertake to send correspondents money, clothing or household goods. Letters asking for that sort of assistance cannot receive attention. Letters not signed cannot be printed.

Many people do care for just the kind of friendly service for which we are organized. We limit our efforts to them and their wishes.

Those who enjoy receiving books and magazines are asked to remember that they, in their turn, can give much pleasure if they will take pains to write to the persons who send such reading matter. In cases where no word of response goes back—not even to say that the books or magazines were received—senders may suppose the parcels were not welcome. Let us each do our share.

APPEALS

1. I just want to write a few words and say that I am still living and enjoy the cheer from the kind friends just as much as I ever did when I was younger. I have lost trace of all my former friends and I wonder if any of them remember me; if so, I would love to hear from them. My husband and I are in our sixtieth year and living all alone as our four daughters left us to make homes of their own. We are lonely and our health has given way, so we are not able to do much. Now kind friends, if any one has any old phonograph records we would certainly appreciate them to help pass the lonely hours. We like to read, but our eyes are weak, but something along this line would help and when we have looked it over we always pass it along to our friends. With all good wishes to the *Cheerful Letter* friends, I am an old member, Mrs. T. P. Rushing, Route 1, Box 28, Peachland, N. C.

2. Mrs. H. R. Stike, Crumpler, N. C., has not heard from the *Cheerful Letter* friends for over a year and hopes to be re-

membered with quilt scraps, bits of thread, cards and pictures for a little three-year-old girl she is raising.

3. I have been ill for six weeks with the "flu" and just getting able to sit up. I will be glad of any cheer you may send me. Mrs. Sam Blair, Sandy Level, Va.

4. We have just passed some long lonely some winter days and it would be nice to receive some cheer during the spring months. My husband has been crippled since Christmas and I have to stay in the house most all the time and it gets so tiresome. Will someone please send some quilt pieces and embroidery thread? My little girl is six years old and would enjoy some picture books. Mrs. G. C. Bennett, Dodson, Va.

5. Mrs. J. H. Hardester, Rex, Ark., sends her thanks for past favors and hopes someone will send her thirteen-year-old girl some silk pieces for cushions and embroidery thread. Mrs. Hardester would appreciate some material for rugs.

6. Mrs. Nan Adams, Grassy Creek, N. C., has been down with heart drop

all winter. She nearly smothers to death at times. On account of the drought all their crops were ruined and the world looks pretty dark just at present. She hopes the dear friends will send some cheer in some way and closes her letter saying, "May God bless you in the work you are doing."

7. Some friend sent a card right after Christmas saying they were going to send me McCall's magazine. I haven't received it as yet and I would like to have it. I have six children, girls 15, 12, 9 and boys, 7, 3 and five months. Will be glad to get reading matter suitable for the girls and cards and picture books for the boys. Also would like to receive some quilt scraps and embroidery thread for myself. I wish you all good luck in the good cheer work. Mrs. R. E. Howell, Jefferson, N. C.

8. I am a great lover of flowers and would like to be remembered with some seeds and Gladiolus bulbs. Also some Sunday School papers for my boys as the Sunday School is miles away from us. The boys' ages are 19 and 17. I am asking a lot for little me but we were in the drought section last year and I lost all my flowers. Thanking all who will send me reading and cheer before I hush, Your friend, Maude Emerson, Rupert, Ark.

9. Mrs. John Kilby, Route 1, Boomer, N. C., wishes very much to renew her friendship with the *Cheerful Letter* friends. Five years ago was the last time she heard from any of them and she is afraid they have forgotten her. She would enjoy the McCall's Magazine and quilt scraps. Mrs. Kilby has eight children, ages ten months to 19; boys and girls. The children would like reading matter and something might be added for the baby. They live on a little farm twelve miles from town, are very poor and work very hard for a living.

10. I am writing in regard to some reading material. I have been a correspondent of the *Cheerful Letter* for about a year now. Owing to a misfortune we were forced to move from Mountain Park., Oklahoma, to Mountain View. Our home was completely destroyed by fire and all my books and treasures are gone. I miss my books so much and I do hope that some of my friends will send me reading matter and the Delineator. If I had some quilt scraps perhaps I could make some more to replace those that were burned. Mrs. J. R. McFarland, Mountain View, Okla.

11. Mrs. Joseph C. Hicks, Deer, Ark., would be glad to get anything interesting

for her boys, ages 18 and 13. Also some sewing of any kind.

12. Mrs. Ossie May, Brandon, N. C., writes that she does not hear from any of the members any more. She would like to receive some cheer. She has a little girl, 20 months, who would love a toy.

13. I received a bundle of quilt scraps some time ago and I want to thank the sender. It has been some time since I have heard from anyone and I could use some more scraps and embroidery floss. Hoping to hear from some of the members, I am, Mrs. Earl Coffey, Route 2, Sandidges, Va.

14. I am sending you a few lines of thanks for the kindness and cheer you have sent me. I never can thank you enough. My health has been so poor this winter and I have not been able to work very much. I certainly appreciate all the time you spare me and if it is not asking too much I hope someone will send me some reading matter or quilt scraps. I am always thankful for any kind of cheer. Mrs. Margaret Johnson, R. D. 2, B. 83, Whitetop, Va.

15. Miss Verla Merrifield, Route 4, Box 4, Chillicothe, Tex., is a girl 16 years of age and has two brothers, aged 18 and 10, and a sister 3 years old. Her mother is dead and she keeps house for her father. Her young brother goes to school and her father and older brother are at work and she gets very lonesome. She has nothing to read or any quilt scraps to work and would love to be remembered.

16. We have had an awful season this past year and now we are just over the "flu." One of my babies has had rickets but has improved right much within the last few months. I'd very much appreciate being remembered by the dear *Cheerful Letter* people again this year and I wish to thank all who have sent me cheer in the past. We live five miles from the nearest church and I seldom ever have the opportunity of attending. I love to read and sew and perhaps someone will send me the "Youth's Companion." Mrs. Lawson Hutchinson, Glade Hill, Va.

17. Ida Smith, Epperson, Tenn., is fifty-four years old and has two little grandchildren to raise. The little ones are interested in cards and picture books and she would like to hear from some of the sisters in the way of good reading, quilt scraps or embroidery thread.

18. I haven't had any cheer for a long time and still hope to be remembered. I have moved from Morrilton and Jerusalem

to Rupert, Ark., so I hope you will change my address in the magazine. I love pieces of ribbon, laces and silk thread or just anything to give me a little cheer. Mrs. Lillie Smith, Rupert, Ark.

The Appeals listed below are from recently admitted Members to the Cheerful Letter Exchange

19. Mrs. Alfred Granett, Route 4, Dayton, Tenn., writes that her husband is just recovering from a long illness and is able now to sit up a little. She would appreciate some reading material and something for her baby girl. She wishes she had the means to help people herself but finds it is all she can do to take care of her own family.

20. Here I come this dark cloudy day to tell you about my family. I have four boys, ages 18, 16, 10 and 6 and my husband. We would be real glad to get some books, reading matter, and cards for the younger one. We have no way of going to church and depend upon religious reading instead. I could also use some quilt scraps. Mrs. Susie M. Jones, Route 4, Ft. Cobb, Okla.

21. I am an orphan girl and live with my aunt who has been ill for about eighteen months. She is as helpless as a baby and we are alone about all the time. My father died in 1925 and I had to give my mother up, too. I would love something to embroider or any kind of cheer the dear friends would send. Miss Ethel Phillips, Clifton, N. C.

22. Mrs. R. E. Keelyn, Ansonville, N. C., has just received her first copy of the *Cheerful Letter* magazine and thinks it is great. She is married and has a son fourteen and a daughter nine. They both like to read and look at pictures and the mother hopes someone will remember them in this way. Mrs. Keelyn has heart and kidney trouble and cannot do any heavy work. She can sew.

23. I hope you will pardon my intrusion but I have heard about the cheer you send and being a shut-in for over a year I thought I would write for some, too. I have six children and my husband is afflicted with rheumatism, most of our money goes for doctor bills and there is nothing left for reading or the like. Will someone please send us some cheer? Mrs. J. W. Thompson, Sturgills, N. C.

24. Mrs. Thomas Williams, R. F. D. 2, Bassett, Va., lives out in the country and finds it very lonesome. She is eighteen years old and has a baby girl two years

old. She would like very much to have some reading matter and quilt scraps to help pass the time.

25. I am writing to you to see if I can hear from some of the *Cheerful Letter* people. I had to go to the hospital twice and had to give up my darling baby and I get so lonesome. I am not able to do much, but I can do sewing or embroidery, if I can get the material. I have six children at home, five girls and one boy, ages four to eighteen. They would appreciate some books, cards, or anything that children enjoy would be acceptable. Mrs. Lydia Harmon, Route 4, Decatur, Tenn.

26. I would like to join the *Cheerful Letter Club*. I am a mother with a little girl four years old and a boy two, so you see I am in the house most all the time. We live in the drought-stricken part of Arkansas so it makes things blue for us. Would be glad to get old pieces of silk to make rugs and cushions, also books and magazines. I hope to be remembered as soon as it is handy. Mrs. Lillian V. Ogilvie, Rocky Hill, Ark.

27. Mrs. J. D. Martin, Jr., Ansonville, N. C., is the mother of four children, Willie 11, Joe 9, Dorothy 8, and Martha 5. We all enjoy good reading and stories. We live about two miles from church and we don't get to go very often. It is such a long walk. Hoping to hear from someone soon is the way she ends her letter.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS

Mrs. Katie Hill, from Badin, N. C., to Sandy Ridge, N. C.

Mrs. Lillie Smith, from Morrilton and Jerusalem, to Rupert, Ark.

Mrs. J. R. McFarland, from Mountain Park to Mountain View, Okla.

Mrs. S. M. Trevey, from Snowden to Big Island, Va.

FORTY YEARS AGO—AND NOW

The *Cheerful Letter* will celebrate its Fortieth Birthday next month with a special Anniversary number.

We find that our files lack the first several issues of Vol. I. Possibly some of our older readers may still possess one or more of these early numbers, and may be willing to let us have them to make our files complete. If so, we will be very grateful. Copies should be mailed to 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

GARDEN-MAKING STEP BY STEP

In considering the important task of planting, it should be emphasized that the habit of growth of each plant should be understood and respected. Like human beings, they all differ, and their individual requirements must be studied.

Although there are many kinds of root systems, aerial and so forth, there are three general classes which the out-of-door gardener ordinarily comes across. First, the class that grows roots straight down into the soil; second, the plants that throw out stems on the surface of the ground and emit roots into the soil from the stems as well as from the main part of the plants; third, those that develop stems below the surface of the ground, also developing roots from these stems. Whichever root habit the plant possesses will determine the way it should be planted, always allowing the roots to fall in their natural position. The hole for the plant should be made sufficiently deep and wide to permit this, never cramping the roots into too small a space, and if the aboveground or underground stems are of the character just described, they too should be tucked away according to the dictates of their habit of growth—planting the little stem roots into the soil and submerging the underground stems, allowing both to fall in their natural position.

Avoid too deep or too shallow planting. Usually the plants like to have the top of their root systems on a level with the surface of the ground; if they are put down too deep they are choked and rot out; if they are not deep enough and portions of the roots are exposed, the cold winter will probably kill them or the heat of summer will overcome them.

In filling in around the roots, never permit any manure to come in contact with them. The soil should be finely pulverized and should be well firmed around the plants; otherwise too much air is admitted, which will dry them out. If the soil is packed too tight the young roots will find it more difficult to ramify through it and to gain their anchorage.

The distance to allow between the plants often varies from a few inches to about four or five feet. The usual allowance is eighteen inches. Irises are set six inches apart, herbaceous peonies have from two and a half to three and a half feet between them, tree peonies are given six to eight feet in which to spread, and dahlias are al-

lowed from three to four feet, depending on the variety.

The time to plant is usually in spring or in autumn. Here again the individuality of the plant asserts itself, some particular ones preferring one season to the other, and others even liking to be moved directly after bloom. In spring the planting season can begin as soon as the ground has dried out enough from the winter frosts, and can continue through May, but April is the favorite time in this locality (Philadelphia), as then the plants are given a chance to take root and to grow before the hot weather begins, thus minimizing the danger of loss from the heat that follows. In autumn the planting can be started the middle or end of September and can proceed as long as the ground is open, which of course differs in different localities. It is a distinct advantage to plant before it is late in the season, as there is less loss from winter-killing if the plants become established before the cold weather starts.

Directly after planting, the soil should be given a watering, unless the ground in the autumn is too cold and damp already to make it advisable—which, however, is unusual. Less water is needed in the fall than in spring and summer. During the two latter seasons sufficient water should be given to make the soil moist to the depth of an inch with every watering. The question of when to water will be influenced by the amount of rainfall and the intensity of the heat. The soil should ordinarily be kept in a damp condition.

—*Dorothy M-P. Cloud in
The House Beautiful.*

If you would be loved, be lovable.

To bear is to conquer our fate.

Everyone is the son of his own works.

Victory belongs to the most persevering.

Don't be "consistent," but be simply true.

It is better to wear out than rust out.

The only cure for grief is action.

Calamity is man's true touchstone.

The eternal stars shine out as soon as it is dark enough.

"PREVENTORIA"—TO HEAD OFF DISEASE

"An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

In too many cases we disregard the ounces and have to stagger along under the heavy burden of the pounds, mounting up to tons.

This is especially true of disease—typically of tuberculosis.

Until recently we have been struggling to cure it. Now we are beginning to try to prevent it.

This is the reason for the "preventorium"—a somewhat ponderous name for a simple thing, as explained by Dr. H. E. Kleinschmidt, director of the health education service of the National Tuberculosis Association, writing in *The American Journal of Public Health* (New York). He says:

"Three years ago, the Committee on Preventoria of the National Tuberculosis Association formulated this definition:

"A preventorium is a 24-hour institution for the care and observation of children substandard in health."

"The general purpose of this institution was assumed to be to give preventive care to children threatened with tuberculosis, heart disease, or other potential disability.

"According to this definition there are perhaps no more than a score of preventoria in the country. However, opinion has modified considerably during the three intervening years, and it is now recognized that many children who need protective care do not require the exacting régime furnished by a 24-hour, highly specialized preventorium."

The following types of institutions are given as being more or less typical:

"At the Springfield Lake Sanatorium at East Akron, Ohio, there is a special group of buildings, mostly for children with tuberculosis of the childhood type. It keeps the children 24 hours of the day and operates the year round. The children are at all times under medical and nursing supervision, and the school curriculum is reduced to a minimum. They stay on an average of a few months each and are then transferred to one of the city's open-window schools. Apparently, the main purpose is to train the child in right habits of living, with the major emphasis on health conservation rather than on schooling.

"In Lucas County, Ohio, is a fresh-air school which cares for children 24 hours a day, but permits them to return to their

homes over the Saturday and Sunday weekend. The school is a unit of the county tuberculosis hospital, while the teachers are provided by the Toledo Board of Education.

"Lymanhurst, at Minneapolis, is essentially a day school. The children live at home, but the noonday meal and supplementary luncheons are provided by the school staff. Cots for rest periods are also provided by the school, and the children are under special medical and nursing supervision. Meantime, conditions in the home are carefully scrutinized and supervised by a special public-health nurse.

"There are numerous fresh-air schools, open-window schools, and nutrition classes, most of which have developed beyond their original purposes. Some of the fresh-air schools, it is true, are no more than the name implies, but others provide special supervisory care, extra meals, rest periods, and direction in play. While the procedure and equipment are not uniform, the main purpose of all of them seems to be to give handicapped children an extra lift in order to prevent the threatened disaster of pulmonary tuberculosis in later years.

"Health camps there are of all varieties. As a matter of fact, many of them are in reality recreation camps, which justify their existence only on the theory that a period of a few weeks of outdoor life makes for better health. In some instances, health camps serve to enlarge the vision of the people generally so that they are more readily persuaded to establish a year-round preventorium. In others, emphasis is placed on the opportunity which the camp affords for teaching children and their parents the principles of healthful living."

One clear conception seems to have been established—though not yet fully accepted—and that is that children with the adult type of pulmonary tuberculosis should be isolated, not only because they are definitely ill, but also because they are potential spreaders of the disease. The manner in which preventoria are operated is a tacit recognition of the belief that children with the childhood type of tuberculosis are not really ill, but rather threatened with illness; certainly, a sick child should not be in a preventorium, which is in fact a school. Furthermore:

"Fortunately, the authorities of a number of preventorium institutions are carefully following their pupils into adult life, in order to learn what their subsequent experiences may be. In a few years, when

more of such data have been collected, we may be able to determine more precisely what the ideal form of organized care may be, but until that time comes, the burden is upon us to study our individual community needs and to provide facilities which will meet the indications of treatment as we understand them today."

—*Literary Digest.*

BEHOLD HOW NEAR IS HEAVEN

Behold, how near is heaven!
Today I met a child
Among the nodding daisies,
And God looked down and smiled.

A meadow lark was singing,
The wind was from the sea;
And there was not a shadow
Between my God and me.

And there was not a sorrow
In all the singing blue,
And not a leaf or petal
But danced because I knew.

Behold, how near is heaven!
Let men say what they may—
I know; for on the meadow
I walked with God today.

—*Vivian Yeiser Laramore.*

THE BEES' WIRELESS

It is apparently a sort of perfume, to which all fellow members of a particular hive are especially sensitive.

If a bee wishes to summon his fellows, he sprays out his perfume from an atomizer that forms part of his equipment.

At least, this is the belief of Professor Leuenberger, a Swiss expert in bee-culture, as stated by Jean Le Meur, writing in *Le Temps* (Paris).

How the bees locate the source of the perfume, we are not told. We can locate sounds because we have two ears at some distance apart; possibly the bees employ some similar method. Writes Mr. Le Meur:

"Are bees deaf? Can they hear with their legs? Or with the 6,000 plates of their antennæ?"

"Anyway, they talk and understand; bee-keepers have never doubted it.

"How otherwise would they know so quickly the slightest bit of news—good or bad? How could they do such team-work? But what is their language? Phonetic?

Tactile? Mimic? Intuitive?"

"Sir John Lubbock, Maeterlinck, and many other entomologists, amateurs or professionals, have attacked this problem without solving it. Based on the recent discoveries of Professor von Frisch of Munich, the Swiss Dr. Leuenberger has given an ingenious explanation in a remarkable study.

"He repeated the classic experiment of all the bee experts. In his garden, at some distance from the hive, he placed on a table a dish of sweetened water. Hours passed. Finally a bee arrived by chance. While he drank, the observed made a yellow mark on him, to identify him. The bee took no notice, continued to regale himself, and then returned to the hive, where he disgorged his nectar, and then made the rounds to tell his companions that he had found a treasure. He then returned to the dish, but evidently he had not been understood, for no one followed him.

"Then the bee had recourse to what Leuenberger calls his wireless telegraphy. Between the two end-rings of his abdomen, a clear spot, humid and shining, appeared. Almost at once a bee came up and joined in the feast. Soon, hundreds of bees followed—all from the same hive."

What had happened? Mr. Le Meur remarks that the bee, more fortunate than man, who persists in thinking himself the lord of creation, has five eyes and probably more than five senses, is endowed with a tiny transmitter or emitter of perfume (a gland discovered by Nasoff forty-seven years ago, though he did not know its use). We are then told:

"The perfume is a special one for each hive, and the bees in that hive are the only ones who can perceive it, as if it were a special wave-length; but they perceive it with astonishing delicacy.

"We know that the bees' ordinary sense of smell, which resides in their antennæ, is only mediocre. They can distinguish such a perfume as that of mint, in practically the same way as we do. But, on the other hand, for the perfume of their own little abdominal vaporizer, their sense of smell becomes prodigiously acute.

"The Swiss specialist gives us new views on several other questions relating to bees. 'We do not yet know,' writes Maeterlinck, 'by what alchemy the honey is changed into wax in their bodies.' It has been said that they get it from pollen, but they make it in winter. Some say that they secrete it from their wax-glands, by changing some

sugary food element first into oil and then into wax. But in fact, the propolis that serves the bees for cement is not derived from pollen or a product of digestion, but is a resin furnished by certain plants, and particularly by the buds of trees.

"We can not follow the learned doctor through all his arguments, technical as they are. But we owe him our thanks for attracting our ungrateful notice to the little bees. They not only make honey for us, but they render us service, which we are too apt to forget, by cross-fertilizing plants, carrying pollen from one to the pistils of another. Fruit-trees, whose flowers have been sheltered from the bees by covering them with gauze, no longer bear good fruit, if, indeed, they bear any at all.

"The Americans, who are unrivaled in the 'industrialization' of bee-culture, and who produce honey in thousands of tons in their vast spaces, do good business when they pay the bee-keepers for locating hives in their orchards.

"Leuenberger is right in thanking the bees, but he surely deserves thanks himself. Every year the 250,000 hives of Switzerland are inspected; disease is discovered and declared; if it is necessary to destroy a hive, the proprietor is indemnified from an insurance fund. This organization of Swiss bee-keepers, which has discovered the germ of the bee's most fatal malady, is in large part of the work of Professor Leuenberger."

—*Literary Digest.*

A PRAYER FOR BOYS AT SCHOOL

A Prayer for Loyalty—Almighty God, grant me thy gift of loyalty. For my home give me love and obedience; for my country, sacrifice and service; for my church, reverence and devotion; and in everything make me true to thee; through thy Son, our Saviour, Jesus Christ. Amen.

A Prayer for Kindness—Grant, O Lord, that in all the joy of my life I may never forget to be kind. Help me to be unselfish in friendship, thoughtful of those less happy than myself, and eager to bear the burden of others; through Jesus Christ, our Saviour. Amen.

—*Bishop Slattery.*

Mother is the name for God in the lips and hearts of little children.—*Thackeray.*

All that I am or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother.—*Abraham Lincoln.*

PRUNING

Choose a warm day during this month to prune grape vines, by removing much of the old growth. The first year two arms were allowed to grow in opposite directions. The following spring these were both cut back to about three eyes apiece, or say 18-inch branches. Then the following summer four branches were trained horizontally in opposite directions, or rather, two branches one above the other growing away from the centre main shoot.

Currant bushes—Fruit is borne on the previous year's growth, but older branches do not produce so well if allowed to get three or four years old, so that all wood over three years old is cut out each year after the bearing period. Of course, dead wood or broken branches or ones that touch the soil when laden with fruit are best removed in spring. With raspberries, we trim out the dead canes, the oldest; and then in summer to four feet thus causing them to branch.

Apple trees require a careful study to determine which branches cross over each other. This state of affairs is injurious. The tendency is to cut away too many limbs below and not enough at the top to let the air and sunshine into the centre of the tree.

Ingrowing branches should be removed.

If two branches start out and parallel each other so that one overhangs and shades the other, cut away the least desirable.

When pruning trees, do not leave a stub two, three or four inches long, as this rots and so causes decay in the tree trunk, but rather, with a very sharp saw make a cut under the shoulder of the limb and parallel to the remaining of trunk, cut straight through so that when the branch falls it does not tear bark away with it, as would have been the case if the first incision had not been made.

Do not prune spring flowering shrubs, until after their blooming and do not allow the hired help or any one else to shape these into round balls and such ugly forms, for the natural branching of forsythias, spireas, cydonia, etc., is far prettier than the round bobbed cut, sometimes evident where an overzealous cutter has been at work.

—*Mary F. Colburn (Worker Massachusetts Committee Better Homes in America) in Boston Herald.*

A PAGE FOR THE CHILDREN

DUKE, PARTNER

Billy and Nancy Parker, aged eight and ten, were partners in the poultry business, and Duke, their black spaniel dog, was the third member of the firm.

The chicken farm was in the big back lot behind the Parker house. Mother and Father Parker thought it a good plan for Billy and Nancy to have a little business of their own; so Father built a tight little chicken house, and bought eighteen white hens that scratched and cackled and laid eggs for Billy and Nancy to gather. Mother said she'd buy the grain if, in return, the chicken farmers would give her three eggs a day. Over and above three, she'd pay for, if every day they put down the number of eggs they gathered in a little notebook she hung in the pantry close to the egg basket.

So the two small chicken farmers worked and prospered, and, incidentally, learned a great deal about raising chickens. Every spring they hatched out about fifty baby chickens, and when they were about two weeks old, Billy and Nancy put them every night into a brooder which they made out of a strong, warm box, with strips of flannel hanging down from its ceiling. A little door kept the huddled flock in till the children opened it on their morning round. The chicken mothers were put back into the hen yard and told to lay more eggs.

Billy and Nancy were the real chicken raisers, but their dear spaniel Duke, with soft brown eyes, silky ears, and a feathery tail, was always at their heels; and so of course he, too, learned a great deal about chickens.

One spring morning, Billy and Nancy ran out before breakfast to open the brooder door and let out the small chicks, but they found the little door wide open, and not a single chick snuggled under the flannel streamers. They'd forgotten to fasten the door the night before! Round and round that back lot ran Billy and Nancy looking everywhere for their chicken babies, but not one chick could they find.

Suddenly Billy stopped and told Nancy to listen. "Where's Duke?" he demanded. "Duke's gone, too! He's whining somewhere?"

Nancy listened, too, and—yes, Duke was whining; but where was he? Under the henhouse, under the hedge—they looked

everywhere, but no Duke and no chickens.

"Maybe he's in his own house," said Bill, and together he and Nancy ran to Duke's kennel, which was near the kitchen steps.

"But if he's in his own house, why doesn't he come out when we call him?" panted Nancy as she ran.

"Here he is! Right in his own house!" Billy, first to arrive, stooped to pat Duke. "You sick?" he said anxiously, as Duke stuck his head out, instead of bounding out, as usual, to meet them. "You sick? Come out, old fellow, so I can see." Gently Bill grasped Duke's collar and dragged him out.

"Mercy!" shouted Nancy. "That's why he wouldn't come out! O Billy, he put them in his own house and took care of them all night for us! He wouldn't come out even when we whistled, because he wanted us to see how he'd helped us when we forgot to lock the brooder door!"

For when Billy pulled Duke gently out of his own door, fifty little chicks scuttled out at his heels!

—Ann Bradford in *Christian Register*.

WHISTLE, SONNY, WHISTLE!

When things go wrong, and you want to fight

Over some careless word or slight,
Just pucker your lips up good and tight
And whistle, Sonny, whistle!

For the chances are that it wasn't meant—
Some boy, perhaps, on mere fun bent;
And you'll have it over him like a tent
If you whistle, Sonny, whistle!

There's many a lad that's carried the day
And captured the victory just that way;
Try it and see if it doesn't pay
To whistle, Sonny, whistle!

—Eva L. Hughes.

Mr. Justice Swift recently said that the question of the wife having to live with her mother-in-law has animated society since the days of Adam and Eve. He omitted, however, to identify Eve's mother-in-law.

—Punch.

When we look into the long avenue of the future and see the good there is for each one of us to do, we realize after all what a beautiful thing it is to work, and to live, and be happy.—Robert Louis Stevenson.

ELECTRICITY CAUSES SUN'S HEAT

Those warm rays that come from Old Sol are caused by electricity. So says Dr. Ross Gunn, of the Naval Research Laboratory. A ceaseless electric current, he claims, flows from the sun's interior toward its surface and atmosphere. Combined with this current the powerful magnetic currents playing in the atmosphere control the amount of heat and light radiated by the sun as well as the speed of the sun's rotation. Thus he likens the sun to a mighty incandescent lamp, the sun's atmosphere being kept glowing and hot like the filament in the ordinary light bulb.

—*Clipped.*

Four things a man must learn to do
If he would make his record true:
To think without confusion clearly;
To love his fellow-men sincerely;
To act from honest motives purely;
To trust in God and Heaven securely.

—*Henry VanDyke.*

The love of a mother is never exhausted. It never changes, it never tires. It endures through all; in good repute, in bad repute, in the face of the world's condemnation. A mother's love still lives on.—*Washington Irving.*

A Garden is a lovesome thing, God wot
Rose plot,
Fringed pool,
Fern'd grot—
The veriest school
Of peace and yet the fool
Contentds that God is not—
Not God! In gardens! when the eve is cool
Nay, but I have a sign;
'Tis very sure God walks in mine.

—*Thomas Edward Brown.*

Most of all the other beautiful things of life come by twos and threes, by dozens and hundreds. Plenty of roses, stars, sunsets, rainbows, brothers and sisters, aunts and cousins, but only one Mother in the world.

—*Kate Douglas Wiggin.*

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